

Gram Says

"A HALLOWEEN STORY"

(Continued From Last Week)

you have heard that old story about us eating spiders and toads. Oh no! not my family and he laughed. Did you know the witches, goblins and elves were all related and in the spring we start our work?

First we get together our herbs and roots of certain shrubs and trees as the assafras and wild onion and others which we put into our large kettles, boil them down with oils and we have our magic power.

Sometimes Mother Nature calls us to help paint the wild rose, the violet, the red bud and we add that extra leaf to special clovers for good luck, she says. Then again we make feather dresses for the birds or sometimes there are seeds to be scattered.

All through the season, we carry our magic from hill to stream. We also gather nectar and perfumes to be strewn in the path of evening.

Then again in the autumn our paintings must be retinted. My family are all artists. Just look at the goldenrod and the sumac - or the tinting of the oaks and maples, also the hickory with its golden glow. Can anything be more beautiful? Remember too those pumpkins painted especially for your little girls and boys to be used as jack-o-lanterns on Halloween.

We are always a busy family. We cut tough weeds and grasses for broom straw and gather wood for the handles. These are put together in my work shop in the cave. Don't you forget, it is I, who adds the magic, which makes it possible for my wife, Mrs. Witch to float through space.

It is a very important job and he waited for my answer. "Yes, but how can you accomplish such magic," I asked.

Now his face took on an expression of mystery and he said, "that I cannot answer, but do you still think witches are a bad lot?" He looked toward the sinking sun and mumbled I still have paints to mix.

Have you noticed how we are changing greens for browns and tints of red? Our fall models will be in yellows, browns and reds. Keeping the pastels for the heavens.

We have so many calls for autumn clothes from the trees, flowers and grains and soon the birds and animals will need heavier coats.

But in a few more days we will celebrate. You will see the lady witches riding their brooms, dressed in the tall black pointed hats and the little witches and goblins will be there with their black cats.

But your children will wear costumes, such as they think the witches should wear and with those terrible faces will trot from door to door calling trick or treat. That's "Halloween."

He turned and walked toward the cave. I must be getting back to the song festival. Whenever you visit the spring, listen and you will hear our music. Just before he disappeared, he called, with a voice filled with amusemust, tell me, are all your children good?

A cool breeze kissed my cheek and I opened my eyes. The little man had gone, but I could still hear the music drifting down with the ever-flowing water of the spring. I rubbed my eyes, why I must have been dreaming. What do you think? Bye darlings.

Gram S. E. B.